

DEBOLT AN EASY WINNER IN FIGHT FOR PRESIDENCY

First National bank to take up new
dunes with the H. C. Frick Coke com.

SEPTEMBER 2 DATE SET FOR DEDICATION OF NEW U. B. CHURCH

Shottdale Congregation Pre-
pares to Occupy Its Fine
New Home.

A NEW PIPE ORGAN INSTALLED

Instrument Designed by John A. Dell
of Pittsburgh and Built by Moeller
Organ Company; Ready to Open a
Week Night Program; News Notes.

Special to The Courier.

SCOTTDALIE, Aug. 16.—The new United Brethren church of Scottdale will be dedicated on Sunday, September 2. The new edifice is a fine piece of Gothic architecture, designed by P. C. Dowler of Pittsburgh. It contains an auditorium having a seating capacity of 700. Sunday school rooms are sufficiently large to accommodate 400. The other rooms are designed as rest rooms and a study.

The new organ, one of the most beautiful in Western Pennsylvania, was designed by John A. Dell of Pittsburgh and built by the Moeller Organ Company of Hagerstown, Md. The interior finish of the church is hard red oak rubbed to a beautiful finish. J. E. Meyers of Jeannette, the contractor, is generally conceded, carried out the specifications to the letter. Only the best has gone into it so that the building combines both beauty and strength.

The present church, the third in the history of the congregation, was first erected in 1874, the second in 1889, and the present building was begun in 1915. The late Albert Reister was the only trustee who served since the foundation of the church. D. T. Sherrick and J. N. Stohrer have served since 1913.

The dedication day services will begin at 7 A. M. with men's prayer services. From 8:30 until 10 o'clock there will be a Sunday school gathering in the various rooms and an address by Rev. C. W. Hendrickson of Johnstown. At 10:15, sermon and dedication by Bishop W. M. Weekly, D. D., of Parkersburg, W. Va., at 3 P. M. service and address by Dr. Lawrence Reister and fraternal greeting by Rev. S. C. Wagonman, pastor of the Reformed church here. This will be followed by an address by Rev. W. W. Williamson of Cleveland, Ohio.

At 6 P. M. there will be a Christian Endeavor rally with an address by Rev. J. W. Bartner, and at 7:30 P. M. sermon by Rev. J. S. Fulton, D. D., of Ohio.

During the week five evenings will be devoted to the various organizations of the church. On Monday at 8 P. M. an organ recital will be given by John A. Dell of the First Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh. An admission will be charged, the proceeds to go toward the payment of the new organ.

Tuesday at 7:45 will be Christian Endeavor night. Secretary O. T. Weaver of Dayton, Ohio, will speak. On Wednesday at 7:45 o'clock will be Shaker school night and Rev. Charles W. Brubaker, D. D., will make an address.

Thursday at 7:45 will be Missionary night and Mrs. J. Hal Smith of Dayton, Ohio, will make the address. On Friday at 7:30 will be Church night. Prof. E. Runk, the pastor, will speak, and the close of the address communion will be observed. It is expected that every resident member will be present to participate in the impressive service. The following Sunday Dr. Runk will fill the pulpit both morning and evening.

Physical Director Resigns.
At a meeting of the executive committee of the U. B. C. A. on Saturday afternoon, the resignation of John Cramer, physical director, was formally received and accepted. Mr. Cramer expects to take up army work with the U. S. A. about September 1.

Two men have been suggested for the position. Mr. Burgess of Bellevue, Ohio, and U. B. Singer, boys' work secretary at Waynesboro, Pa. Mr. Singer, if he assumes the work, will act as boys' work, religious and membership secretary while the physical work will be done by the general secretary, with volunteer assistants. Mr. Singer has been highly recommended by those who have known him closely with his work during the last few years. He was with the Pennsylvania troops on the border as assistant general secretary.

For Sale.
Four room house, rents for \$10, axes \$15, for \$1,000.

Ten room house on 17th avenue, lot 10x129 feet, rents for \$18, for \$1,800.

Five room house, lot 40x129 feet for \$1,400.

Six room house with bath and heater, all plumbing done with brass piping, an electric water sterilizer, complete, lot 34x78x110 feet. At ideal location, for \$2,000.

Six room house with bath, lot 34x110 feet, on 10th avenue, for \$2,000. E. F. Brown, Aug. 16-31.

Notes.
Mrs. Harriet C. Scher has gone to New Stanton to visit Mrs. Janice Funk, her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Aspin and family are visiting friends in New York state.

Mrs. Thomas McKee of McKeesport is the guest of Mrs. Robert J. McKee of Scottdale.

Mrs. Smith and two sons of Philadelphia are the guests of Rev. William Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher and daughter, Carolyn, are visiting at Rindelstown, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lyons are visiting at Greensburg, Ohio.

Hunting Bargains?
If so, read the advertisements in The Daily Courier.

DELIVERY OF INFERIOR COKE

To a Dealer and Its Resale Without
Knowledge of Defective Character
Is Subject to Compensation.

In the recent decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the case of the Wheel Coke company against J. V. N. Yates, injury to the business of a dealer through delivery to him of inferior coke by the manufacturer, and its resale without knowledge on the part of the dealer of the defective character of the fuel, is recognized as being subject to compensation in a damage suit against the manufacturer. In this particular case, however, the court held that the evidence was insufficient to bring the suit within the application of the rule mentioned and permit the court to award damages.

Defendant having contracted to receive a quantity of coke, rejected delivery under the agreement claiming that the coke shipped contained an excessive percentage of sulphur, rendering the coke injurious to products manufactured in its use as fuel. Before finding the defendant's proof was insufficient to entitle him to relief on this ground, the court recognized the validity of such defense when supported by evidence. In other words, where a dealer has established a valuable business in handling coke and suffers loss of customers as a direct consequence of the failure of a manufacturer to deliver fuel up to the standard contracted for (the resale of the coke being innocently made, of course,) the damages recoverable by the dealer for breach of the contract are not limited to the ordinary measure—excess of the value of the fuel delivered above that contracted for—but include injury to the dealer's trade, when that injury naturally follows sale of inferior commodities. There must be clear proof, however, of both the injury and of the amount of profits lost, so that there is available a fair basis for an award.

In its opinion the Circuit Court of Appeals cites an earlier decision of the corresponding court in the case of Hartman against Central Coal & Coke company, wherein it was decided that if coal producers combine to injure the business of a dealer by refusing to sell to him at less than retail prices, he is entitled to recover compensation for injury to his business as a direct result of the combination. Reference to the Hartman case shows that there, too, the proof failed to bring the facts of the case within the general rule announced.

Treating the seller's side of coke sales contracts, the court in the case first cited holds that where the buyer wrongfully refuses to receive fuel contracted for, the seller is entitled to recover the excess of the agreed price above the cost of production, and that wrongful repudiation of the agreement by the seller justifies the seller in suspending manufacture of further coke to all the contract, without affecting his right to recover damages measured as above stated.

Confluence.

CONFLUENCE, Aug. 16.—E. W. Debolt returned yesterday from a visit with friends in Connelville.

The funeral of Mrs. J. H. Weaver will take place tomorrow at 10 o'clock at the home, Rev. W. M. Bracken, her pastor, assisted by Rev. C. W. Hoover, a former pastor, will officiate. Interment in the Baptist cemetery.

George Mullen and two children were visiting friends in Connelville yesterday. The report is that G. L. Morrison, who has been very ill for several days, is slightly improved. Mrs. E. H. Bender and son, Parker, and daughter, Elsie, have returned from a visit with Mrs. Bender's parents at Markleysburg.

W. A. Frey of Somerset was here yesterday on his way to Pittsburgh on business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Debolt left yesterday for Atlantic City, where they will spend several days. Dr. H. F. United of Somerset was here yesterday on his way to Uniontown on business.

John Garlett has returned to his home in Morgantown, W. Va., after visiting friends here several days. Theodore Franks of Allegheny arrived here yesterday for a visit of several days with his brother, Albert E. Franks.

Mr. Miller of Pittsburgh is in town on business.

The bodies of Mrs. Leola Judy and children Eugene and Ethel, who were killed in the accident at Urdina Monday, were shipped to their former home at Garrett yesterday on train No. 42 by Undertaker Humbert.

Pennsville.

PENNSVILLE, Aug. 16.—Mrs. D. H. Richey entertained the Local Workers Bible class of the Mt. Olive U. B. Sunday school Wednesday afternoon of last week.

Miss Mabel Miller and Miss Mabel Miller left Monday afternoon for Indian Head, Pa., where they will spend several weeks visiting friends.

The Pennsville Baptist Sunday school will hold its annual picnic next Saturday, the 18th, in George DeWitt's Grove.

Mrs. Emma P. Cronland will represent the Mount Olive United Brethren Sunday school at the Fayette County Sunday school convention, and Austin Miller will represent the Pennsville United Evangelical school, August 20-21.

Mrs. O. P. Lechart was at Tarr Tuesday afternoon attending the funeral of Russell Lee, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Kelly, of Yukon, Pa.

Mrs. Dan Miller spent Tuesday in South Connelville visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Leneure.

Shift Sinking Begun.
The excavation of the shaft at the new plant of the Mathers Coal & Coke company, which is a subsidiary of the Cleveland Cliffs Iron company, on the Moreslock farm, near Jefferson, Greene county, is now in progress.

Construction work on 50 houses is also under way.

Baked
potato!
Um-m-m!

You wouldn't
like it raw

Cooking
brings out
flavor

Have you
smoked the famous
toasted
cigarette?

LUCKY
STRIKE

20
for
10c
Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

Baseball at a Glance

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.

Pittsburgh 3; Cincinnati 2.
Brooklyn 3; New York 2.
New York 7; Brooklyn 1.
Boston 3; Philadelphia 1.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	65	35	.649
Philadelphia	53	46	.535
St. Louis	57	52	.523
Cincinnati	59	50	.542
Chicago	56	54	.509
Brooklyn	52	55	.485
Boston	45	59	.430
Pittsburgh	35	71	.330

Today's Schedule.

Pittsburgh at Philadelphia.
Chicago at Boston.
Cincinnati at Brooklyn.
St. Louis at New York.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.

Chicago 5; Cleveland 4.
Boston 4; St. Louis 2.
Others not scheduled.

10 innings.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	70	43	.619
Cleveland	66	42	.611
Detroit	58	54	.518
New York	54	55	.497
Washington	51	58	.468
Philadelphia	41	64	.390
St. Louis	42	72	.368

Today's Schedule.

No games scheduled.

Smithfield.

SMITHFIELD, Aug. 16.—An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Jenkins, died at their home on Highland avenue Monday evening and was buried in the Baptist cemetery Wednesday.

Mrs. C. O. Bosley and daughter went to Pittsburgh Tuesday to spend a week's visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Moser, daughter, Jessie, and son, Willard, and G. A. Miller of Ruble were business visitors here Tuesday evening.

Sam Boxdale was a Uniontown visitor Tuesday.

M. C. Stuck was transacting business at Uniontown Monday.

Two members of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rankin's family have typhoid fever.

The regular union picnic of all the Sunday schools in this locality will be held in Weavers Grove Saturday.

H. O'Neil was a business visitor at Uniontown Tuesday.

Mrs. Pearl and Carrie Mathis are preparing to move to Pittsburgh in the near future.

Leander Dils of Old Frame was a borough visitor Wednesday.

Charles Dils of Bowwood was a business visitor Tuesday.

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The first two variables are the number of days since the last visit to the doctor and the number of days since the last visit to the dentist. The third variable is the number of days since the last visit to the doctor or the dentist. The fourth variable is the number of days since the last visit to the doctor or the dentist, but only if the patient has visited both the doctor and the dentist. The fifth variable is the number of days since the last visit to the doctor or the dentist, but only if the patient has visited either the doctor or the dentist. The sixth variable is the number of days since the last visit to the doctor or the dentist, but only if the patient has visited neither the doctor nor the dentist. The seventh variable is the number of days since the last visit to the doctor or the dentist, but only if the patient has visited at least one of the doctor or the dentist. The eighth variable is the number of days since the last visit to the doctor or the dentist, but only if the patient has visited both the doctor and the dentist. The ninth variable is the number of days since the last visit to the doctor or the dentist, but only if the patient has visited either the doctor or the dentist. The tenth variable is the number of days since the last visit to the doctor or the dentist, but only if the patient has visited neither the doctor nor the dentist.

The scene was a pleasant reunion in
 the city of the mother. Mr.
 and Mrs. J. E. Foss, aged 61
 and 57 years.

Ranndom Reels
 by Howard A. Rann

NOW
 20 and

IMME

Located in Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny
Counties.

HOOPER & LONG'S

WEAR Horner's
Clothing

For further information call either phone 477 Connellsville

SPOT FURNACE COKE IN P. R. R. CARS IS NOW QUOTED AT \$15 PER TON

B. & O. and P. & L. E. Loadings \$1.00 to \$1.50 Per Ton Less at Ovens.

CONTROL OF COKE PRICE

In Early Prospect, the Federal Trade Commission Having Very Promptly Commenced Its Preliminary Work by Asking for Coke Cost Sheet.

Special to The Weekly Courier, PITTSBURGH, Aug. 15.—The coke market advanced sharply Friday and Saturday of last week, the established market on Saturday being \$15.00 for coke loaded on Pennsylvania cars for shipment east, and there are rumors of \$15.50 and \$16.00 being paid. If such transactions were made they hardly represented the general market.

This week opened with some slight signs of an easier market, but the coke supply was not so plentiful as it had been, but the severe storm of Monday night played havoc at many coke operations, which yesterday were unable to draw nearly as much coke as had been counted upon, and the market thereupon became as strong as ever.

The usual quotation on coke in Pennsylvania cars for shipment east is \$15.00, as just noted. Coke loaded in Baltimore & Ohio or Pittsburgh & Lake Erie cars does not bring as much, holding generally at \$12.50 to \$14.00.

This is due, in part, to the fact that these two systems will not allow their cars to go off their own lines, but the New York Central embargo as to shipments west of Cleveland is also a factor. Some shippers point out that this is a hard line when the New York Central permits its cars to pass into Canada at Buffalo and travel long distances into that foreign country.

Car supplies were a trifle better last week than the week before, and promise to make a still better average this week, but they are still far below what would be required to move a full complement of coke for the blast furnaces depending on the region. It is explained, however, that if car supplies were much increased the shortage of labor would prevent their being used, and as it is some operations are not always able to load each day all the cars furnished. The market stands quotable as follows:

Spot furnace coke \$15.00 to \$15.50

Spot foundry coke \$12.50 to \$14.00

Washington acted with remarkable

celerity in the matter of approaching

the subject of coke price control.

The Food Control bill as finally put

in shape in Congress gave the President

the power to set a price at which

coke operators should sell, the power

to take over and operate coke works,

and the power to require that all coke

be sold to a government agency, to

be established, this agency in turn

asking carriers of contracts and selling in

the open market. The President signed

the bill last Friday afternoon. Next

morning coke operators received telegrams

from the Federal Trade Commission

calling for cost sheets to

cover the year 1916 and also the

month of June, 1917. The operators

have since been busy compiling their

statements. Common report is that

they are surprised at the all-inclusive

character of the cost sheet forms, in

determining costs full allowances for

depreciation of plant, exhaustion of

coal and interest on money invested,

are to be taken into account.

What the general average cost will

be when all the details are worked out

by the Federal Trade Commission cannot

be predicted. Our guess is that

that price Washington will fix for

coke is as good as settled, any estimate

being purely conjectural.

The Pittsburgh district coal market

is still quieter, there being scarcely

any business in the open market.

The usual explanation is given,

that the coal is going on contracts

made prior to the price agreement of

last June. It is expected that the

government will set a price on coal in

the near future, pursuant to the

provisions of the Food Control bill, which

includes coal as well as coke. There

are few who think the \$3.00 price

agreed to in June for the Pittsburgh

district coal will stand, the common

view being that the price will be set

somewhat less.

The pig iron market continues abso-

lutely stagnant. There is no buying

except of an occasional odd lot or

prompt shipment. Buyers are in such

need that they would not take hold

now of any price that might be quoted

and particularly so as they are quite

well covered already. The furnaces

and particularly so as they are quite

fully sold, and estimates of the pro-

duction of the first half output that

is sold range from 25 to 50 per cent.

Prices on the iron still to be shipped

show a wide range, from \$25 to \$30

and higher. The market remains

quotable as follows:

December \$25.00 to \$25.50

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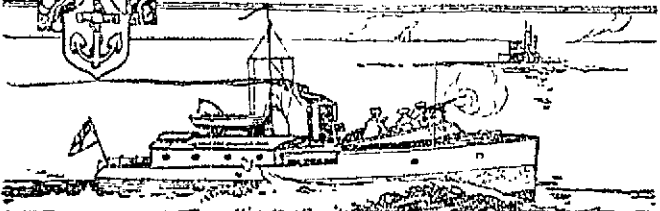
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SEA SLUG STORIES



Thrilling Tales of U Boat Hunting, Told by an American Boy Who Served For Months with the British Patrol and Who Did the Thrilling and Perilous Work That Is Now Being Done by Hundreds of Other American Boys.

No. 4 The Dangers of Dover

By
A SEA SLUG,
British Service Name For Crews
of Submarine Chasers.
Copyright, 1917, by the Bell Syn-
dicate, Inc.

PROLOGUE.

The author of this series of four articles is a young American, who has spent most of his time since the war started with the British patrol fleet. He has accumulated a remarkable collection of anecdotes incident to this exciting branch of the service, and many of these were personal adventures in which he took part and which make one of the stirring narratives to come out of the war. He recently returned to the United States to assist the American navy in organizing the same branch of the service.

Of course some of his experiences, of military value to the enemy, cannot be related. At the request of the service publication of his name is withheld.

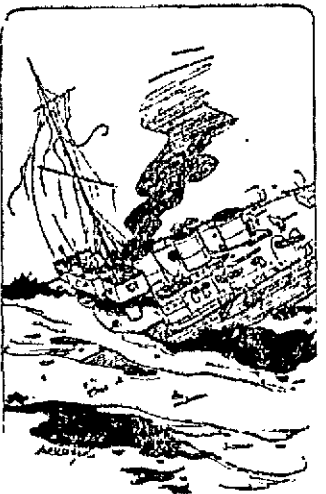
So far as the navy is concerned, the destroyers are beating the brunt of this war.

Their speed, their shallow draft, their ability to approach like a thief in the night, make them the enemy's first target. Again make them capable of being used as a heavier, more powerful vessel would be.

Besides, the loss of a destroyer is as nothing compared to the loss of a battleship or a cruiser.

The best opportunity I had to observe the destroyers was at Dover. I ate dinner one night in the ward room of a destroyer of the British class. I will not mention the names of the officers whose guest I was, because that would denote the name of the craft, and the admiralty would want to know in view of what happened.

"The worst danger to us," said one of these fine fellows, "is the mine."



The Destroyer Sank, Near Dover.

The destroyers are used to a certain extent to search out mine fields, and it is ticklish business.

"Yes, and overhauling and searching neutral merchant ships is not what you'd call a safety first occupation," said another officer.

"I'd rather tackle a Hun any day than a neutral," said the first speaker. "There has been nothing but neutral ships in Dover since the war began, and yet we frequently find German mines laid inside the harbor near the entrance."

"Those are probably laid by submarines," said another officer. "Because every neutral ship that comes in and even all approaching the harbor are carefully examined and thoroughly searched."

"Yes, and a lot of good it does. You remember Commander? He had just searched a neutral merchantman and was trailing along astern of her. Thought he'd keep her in sight a few hours. Just to set his mind easy. He



I Went Spinning Off the Bridge Like a Catapult.

was standing in her very wake, perhaps half a mile astern, when—bang!—a mine blew in his starboard bow, and only the men who were on deck at the time got away, before the destroyer sank nose down.

They had invited me to make a run with them. I had an admiralty pass, and I could have done so—would have done it the next morning, in fact—except that unexpectedly I was called upon to make a test trip with some modified U boat chasers, and I had to call it off. Later I wanted to decorate that U boat chaser which kept me home with the Victoria cross. It saved my life.

I finished my work the next day by about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As I was walking toward the destroyer basin I met a naval constructor, who said:

"One of the destroyers jumped a mine this morning. Want to go down and see what it does to them?"

The Narrow Escape.

I was interested to see the effect of the explosion and told him so. All destroyers of a certain class look practically alike, and I didn't notice what it was as I went on board the lateral bulk that was lying caulked away over to one side with her stern all crumpled and sagging as though her back had been broken. It looked almost as if it were going to drop off.

"They ate it just abreast of the ward room on the starboard side," said my guide. "At least that's where the force of the explosion seems to have caught her."

We stooped low in order to get through the twisted, fallen steel arch of the doorway. I have never seen so horrible a sight as the ward room. Out of the battered, splattered mess there stared a face that told me for the first time it was the vessel on which I had eaten dinner the night before.

For the most part the men with whom I had chatted and been friendly were not recognizable. The room had not been cleared up as yet, and besides the horror of it, it made me physically sick. It is no wonder that the British navy dubs the "neutral."

There is no question at all but that ships under neutral flags now mine. On this particular occasion it was a Thursday—two of the six mines which had been found and picked up. That sixth mine was time and again the cause of a tragedy.

Well, every single officer, with the exception of the navigating officer, who had been on the bridge, was in the ward room when the explosion came, and not one of them survived. It would be useless to describe the appearance of that room. The living, breathing human beings who had filled it the night before with laughter and courage and hope were one shapeless mass—part of the twisted, broken steel.

And they never had a chance to fight. Death came to them without warning and without giving them the opportunity to much desired to strike a blow for Britain in the going. But that is part of war as it is fought today.

I went up to the hospital to see the navigating officer, and, swathed in bandages and suffering from terrible burns, he told me all he knew of what had happened.

"We were running along at fast speed," he said, "with most of the crew on deck and watching out sharp, for I knew that sixth mine hadn't been picked up, and it's pretty safe to count on six being laid here every Wednesday. The rest of the officers were below, poor chaps! Not one of them left, they tell me."

Thrown Into the Sea.

"I was swinging her round, which I guess is what brought her stern quarter on the mine. I thought a thunder-clap had detonated right under my feet. I went spinning off the bridge like a catapult. I don't pretend even to know whether I was conscious as I hurtled through the air, but the shock of the cold water brought me to. I was some yards from the destroyer and started to swim toward her. I could see some of the men lying on the deck, others crawling up the companionways and some crawling about on the deck. A very few were standing on their feet and doing the best they could to help the others."

"There wasn't an officer in sight, and I knew then they must all have been killed or at least knocked unconscious. My leg hurt me so that I could scarcely move it, but I kept on struggling. The water tasted oily, and I could make out that all was escaping from the destroyer and spreading all over the surface of the sea, which was as calm as if it were a mirror.

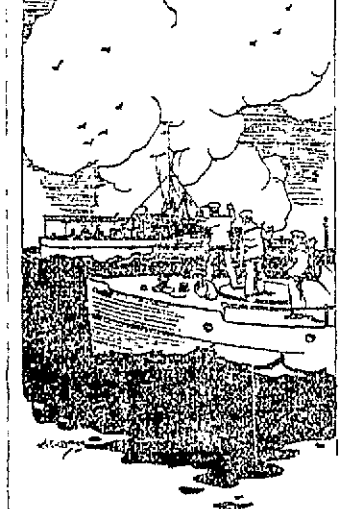
"Suddenly there was a flash. A little tongue of flame darted out of the entrance of the ward room and destroyer and ran a short way over the surface of the oily patch, then died. Presently came another tongue. Then half a dozen began to flick. A dozen! Twenty! Great God, there were a thousand, and they were licking the surface of the water as though a thousand hot devils were lapping a giant bowl of flaming milk."

"They ran toward me, and I may have screamed. If I didn't it was because I was too scared. I struck out away from the destroyer. The tongues ran toward me faster than I could swim, then seemed to curl back upon themselves, but only to dart out once more, and each time they darted near or to me."

"If only I could get beyond that oil. The sea appeared in rainbow colors on its surface, but the only thing it meant to me was I was still in it. The smell of it in my nostrils and the taste of it in my mouth so terrified my imagination that I could feel the burning pain of burns already."

"I curled the men who had been smashed to jelly quickly in the ward room."

"At last the flames were upon me. I felt them on my back. I dove and drove myself forward under the water, but when I came up my hair was matted and I could smell it burning. After that I do not remember what



To pick up the pieces of you, you bettering idiot!"

happened. I am sure; that is all I know. I found out what had happened after my friend lost consciousness. He knows by now and has done whatever is in his power to do for the man who saved him.

Leaped Into Burning Oil.

One of the mates (sailors) who had been on deck saw the officer just as the flames were reaching him. The very men around the destroyer seemed to leap in it, but the mate leaped. He swam under water as far as he could. When he came up the flames licked around him. He died his lungs with sufficing, burning hot air and dove again. Bit by bit he reached the surface, who had apparently lost all consciousness, although he still was struggling feebly—just enough to keep him afloat, but rapidly weakening.

When once he had his arm under the

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officer's shoulder the rescuer could no longer dive and he had to swim slowly, supporting his heavy burden with streaks of flame shooting all round him and lapping him. It would have been easy for him to drop his burden and make the best of his own way to safety, but he would not do it.

Although the officer could not remember it, he must have come to once, for he ordered the sailor to leave him and shift for himself, but the brave fellow would not do it.

Seeing that it would be easier to swim away from the destroyer beyond the fire zone, he did so instead of trying to get back to the vessel.

Other craft had been alarmed by the sound of the explosion and had seen the smoke and flames and were standing up full speed. They picked the two men up in the nick of time, for the mate lost consciousness before they had landed him into the small boat which put off from one of the patrol ships.

That's the type of men they get in the navy. This mate was just an ordinary enlisted man. He would have been expected to do his duty even if the face of almost certain death, but he was ready and did more than his duty in saving his superior.

And yet a party of British sailors who landed after the intense battle were mobbed and several persons were hurt because the people thought the British had lost from the first reports received.

Over a Mine Field.

It wasn't long after this experience of the destroyer with the mine that I went on a run in an M. L. (motor launch) for submarine chasing from Dover. The subaltern in command of the boat was as nervous as the best of them, but he hadn't had much nautical experience. What he knew about navigation and the kind's regulations could have been engraved on the face of a dime. As we were running back into the harbor they began signaling us from shore. The subaltern looked at the signals through his glasses, looked in the book, grunted and went blithely ahead. I rather felt at the time that he didn't know what the signals meant just from the sort of self-conscious way in which he put his glasses down. Of course I did not know the British code.

Those fellows hate to let on they are stumped. They'll race neck and neck with death rather than let it be known they lack any of the qualifications.

A moment later the signal flags were hoisted down and run up again. We held our course, and the flags were lowered and raised several times, as if trying to attract our attention to them on shore.

Presently a man began wigwagging frantically, while the flag signals were

still at the masthead. Then a gun boomed.

"What in the deuce is all the row?" I inquired our sub innocently.

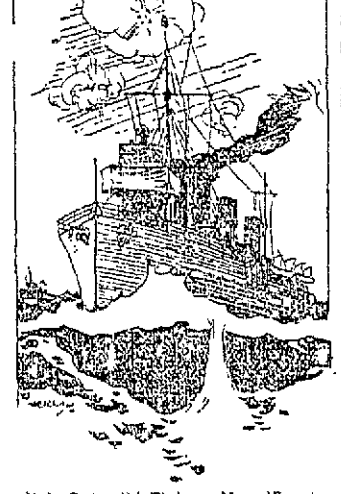
Light on my blazed our way, without changing our course a hair, and before we were well into the harbor a whole swarm of M. L.'s and other craft came swooping down on us.

"What you got the navy with you for?" asked our sub through the megaphone when he was within speaking distance of the leading craft.

"To pick up the pieces of you, you blithering idiot!" said the Brass Hat in command. "Run alongside here for orders."

We ran alongside, and it orders is what our smart young sub got I don't want any.

"You've just come over a new mine field, you young unspeakable!" roared the Brass Hat. "It's only luck—bad luck for us, I'm thinking—that saved



It is Splendid Flying—Magnificent.

you from being blown higher than a kite. You go ashore. Didn't you see those signals?"

"Yes, sir," said the sub.

"Well, you go ashore, and don't you get within fifty yards of the water again till you know the book and can read signals backward and upward down. The navy wouldn't lose much in you, but you've got a few men on board with you that we'd like to keep."

And as the Brass Hat clung-chugged

away in his launch there was indignation in the lines of the very boat itself.

"What's all the bally row about signals?" said our sub in a grumbled tone of voice. "We're here all right, aren't we? I say!"

He had been about as near death as he will come before he actually goes over, but that was all he had to say about it. I know I was pale. I felt it. And my knees had a tendency to drum against each other.

Always Exciting at Dover.

I think the average person could get excitement enough during a short stay in Dover to last almost a lifetime. There is almost always something doing at sea, ashore or in the air. You can hear the big guns in Belgium and France on a still day.

One morning I was talking with some acquaintances on the parade grounds.

Some one shouted, "Aeroplane!" Everybody's head went back, and all eyes began to stare into the sky. Sure enough, there were a number of them, so high they were little more than specks. Out of the baggages on the cliffs our own planes began to be run. The anti-aircraft guns—Archies, they call them in England—began to bark. But bark was all they did, for we could see the sharp burst way short of the enemy fliers.

The British were quick in getting up, but the planes were so high that they had passed over us before our boys were close enough to do them any damage. We had mostly heavy hydroplanes at that time, not speedy enough to keep up with the swift German war machines.

Presently there was another cry. Two more machines had been spotted. They were diving low.

"Must be a couple of our own," says some one.

"No, they're Boches, all right," reports an officer with glasses.

"They must be traveling about 100 miles an hour. One swooped over the harbor. Something shoots out from beneath it. There is the roar of an explosion. A bomb has burst forty yards or so from a destroyer lying at anchor.

Anti-aircraft guns begin sprinkling shrapnel around the plane which is out over the harbor. It is almost close enough now for machine guns. Several begin to drum. The aeroplane itself is using a machine gun against the destroyers. It swoops down.

"Must be lit," says a man at my elbow.

Attacks the Destroyers.

It does seem so, for the plane is careening straight for the wireless mast of another destroyer, just skimming

the water. It is splendid flying—magnificent.

With machine gun splitting the pilot shoots gracefully upward, just clearing the wireless mast and spraying lead all over the deck of the vessel. Then he swoops on over the shore in the direction his fellows had gone.

"They'll get!" begins the man at my elbow, but whatever else he was going to say was lost in a roar that shook the earth we stood on.

We turn round and gaze at a jagged pit which has been blown in the parade ground too close to us to be comfortable. In our interest in the aeroplane fight with the destroyer we had forgotten the one which circled over the bluff.

The people of Dover must be accustomed to such raids, for there is no excitement, no scurrying for protection. Every one now turns his attention to the second plane. Straight over the town it flies. There is another roar—rather a muffled one. It has reduced to dust and splinters several rooms in the hotel, including the suit de-luxe.

One more crash before the Boche becomes a speck in the distance. This time the bomb leaves a hole in the paved street where before there had been a cart and horse.

One by one our planes returned without having caught the enemy. One fellow, the fastest of them all, was out until 4 o'clock that evening, but he had not been able to overtake the Boches.

Training Raw Recruits.

An army officer, speaking of the necessity for the rigid training of recruits, said:

"Don't delude yourselves with the idea that a man won't be frightened under fire, because he will be. He'll be badly frightened if he is a normal human being."

"Now, if a man can be made to bring his rifle up to his shoulder in battle and fire it is conceded by military authorities that a soldier has been made out of him."

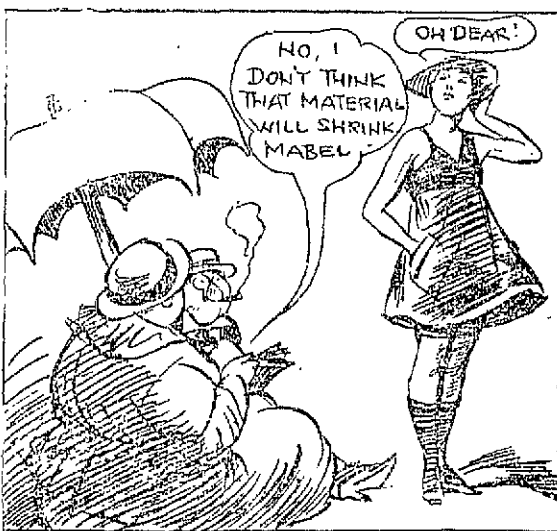
"But if you succeed in teaching men not only to bring the weapon to their shoulders, but to take a proper sight—if hard training accomplishes this triumph over their natural fears then you have troops that are undebatable."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Word "Slave."

The word "slave" is a word of brilliant historical antecedents. Its origin, the Russian "slava," means glory, and is the title of that race which includes the Russian people. But when the Germans reduced hosts of the Slavs to servitude their name, from malice or accident, as Gibbon says, became synonymous with "servile."

PETEY DINK—Yes It Looks a Little Loose all 'Round

By C. A. VOIGHT



"CONTRABAND"

A Romance of the North Atlantic

By RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "HYLADY OF THE NORTH," "PAID OF THE FOREST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

The Wreck of the Emerald.

We passed the greater part of the day below, and long before night came, a heavy, sweeping rain set in and kept us there. I never recalled a more blinding, disconcerting storm at this season of the year, and in those waters, although there was very little wind or sea accompanying it. The storm, however, made it safer to proceed at half-speed, and the lookouts forward were doubled.

It seemed a long evening, as I was in no spirit for cards, and discussion was altogether about the war, and the projected copper pool. Harrington received several messages in further proof that the affair was already well under way, but he made no other attempt to arouse my interest. My ten thirty I had retired to my stateroom. Yet even there, and when partly disrobed, a temptation to explore the decks again assailed me. I unscrewed the port and glanced out, the cold rain, driving hard against my face. Nothing could be seen. I started into an inner stateroom black wall. There was evidently nothing to do but remain where I was, and I closed the port and lay down in the berth.

I do not know what aroused me, but I sat up suddenly, wide awake, a strange, ill-defined fear clutching at my heart. What was it I had heard? A cry? A blow on the deck above? Had I really heard anything, or was it merely the echo of a dream? The stateroom was dark as pitch, but I



I Was Flung Headlong Against the Partition.

got my feet over the edge of the berth, and switched on the electric light. Even as I stood thus, my hand still on the switch, someone ran swiftly across the deck directly overhead, and a voice

cried: "Port, sir! Head apart—my God!" There was a startling crash forward, the awful sound of crushing iron and splintered timbers. I was flung headlong against the partition, barely saving myself by outstretching hands, but falling head and heels into the deck. The electric light flashed out instantly, but a dull gleam from without streamed through the glass of the port. It was a ghastly green light, and I recognized it at once as the port lantern of the ship which had rammed us. Before I could get to my feet even, still dazed and trembling from the shock, the ghastly green radiance began to recede. Rage took the place of fear—the dirty murderer was backing off! was leaving us to sink! I clapped my eyes across the stateroom, seeking to gain a view without, but could perceive little. The glass was dimmed with mist, and through it I could see merely the circle of green light revealing the outline of a high bow. No other gleam was visible, but above us a man cursed hoarsely, and then screamed out some order, which I could not distinguish.

All this was the work of an instant. What had occurred was as clear to my mind as though I had actually witnessed the scene from the deck above. A great steel steamer, a tramp, no doubt, from its darkened decks, had plowed out of the blackness, and rammed her bow straight into us. The contact must have been forward, near the bridge. We were going down by the head; already I could perceive the list, the deck underneath was tilting; the engines had ceased to throb, as though the inflow of water had reached the boilers. Feet scrambled along the deck, overhead voices yelled, and I could hear the creaking of boat tackle.

Working desperately in the dark, scarcely able now to keep feet on the slanting planks, I hastily drew on what bits of clothing I could find at hand, and felt my way blindly to the door. It was jammed, but I kicked it open, and stumbled forth into the main cabin, clinging to the door frame in order to retain my feet. The stateroom doors stood wide open, but no living being was visible. All who survived that first shock must have fled to the deck in mad struggle to escape. Ah, and there was desperate need for me to join them. The Emerald was going down; already her forward bow was lifted with water, the bulkheads alone keeping her afloat; once they gave way, she would sink like a stone.

I crossed the cabin on hands and knees, crawling my way desperately through the litter until I reached the stairs. Beyond no longer led up, but forward. There was utter blackness, silence, and through the shattered door drips of rain splashed.

It was not until I had made my way to the outer deck, and felt the night air and rain on my face, that I truly awoke

to the danger. The tilt of the yacht forward was so sharp, I dare not release my grasp of the rail. I could scarcely see anything; not a light burned, not even a distant star glimmered; the driving rain blinded me, and soaked through my shirt to the skin.

I scarcely dared move, for to release my grip was to slide down into the black water, into the rifle of space and ropes forward. It was all horror and death that way, but from aft, under the awning, a sound of excited voices reached my ears, and the rasp of boat tackle. No doubt all on board, who lived, were there, seeking to escape. They had sprung for the open deck at the first alarm, not even waiting to dress, and, if I would join them, there was not an instant to lose. The after bulkhead could not hold long; any moment, any unusual roll of the sea, would send it cascading, and the Emerald would sink. Life hung on seconds; nor would those frightened wretches wait to learn the fate of any others on board.

Clinging to every projection of the cabin, I attained the port rail, but even as I attempted the first step, a voice called to me from out the black depths below, and I hung there, staring behind me, unable to perceive a thing, excepting a litter of tangled wreckage.

"Don't leave me! Give me a hand." "Who are you?" "McCaun; you are Hollis, ain't you?" "Yes; are you hurt?" "No; heaved a bit, no doubt; my foot is caught under a spar."

"Alone?" "The second mate fell with me; he's down below—dead, I guess."

It was no small job getting to him, using the slippery rail for a ladder, and I was hoarse deep in water when I finally found foothold in the middle, and rolled the spar off the imprisoned limb. He was lying flat on the deck, his head barely free of the waves, but was able to clutch the nearest stanchion and haul himself up to the protection of the rail. His face was but a blurred outline, although I could perceive the glimmer of a white shirt. I stared beyond him into the black silence.

"You say Seely is down there?" "I fell on top of him," the words scarcely audible. "He was trying to get into the cabin, when he lost his grip. I tried to catch him, and he took me along. Say," he was breathing hard, "do you know if there was a girl on board?"

"Yes, there is. I met her night before last on deck. Did Seely tell you where she was hidden?"

"In a stateroom, next to the steward's pantry," he said the door was locked.

Desperate as our own situation was, all thought of personal danger left me in a sudden realization of the awful horror fronting her, almost under our very feet. I gripped McCaun by the arm.

"We must get her out of there," I cried. "Come on with me."

"Where? Down—down there?" "Yes, of course, you are a man, I take it. The lantern is still burning, and we have a chance. Come now, wake up, McCaun—we are Americans, and it is women first, you know."

If he was a coward, he had no wish to let it be known, although the suddenness of disaster had broken his nerve. The words spoken, the tone of my voice, touched his pride, his real manhood.

"Ah, you're right, Hollis," he said hoarsely, and the grip of his hand tightened. "I'm no seaman; I hate the sea, but no one ever called a McCaun a quitter. I'll go as far as you, and we'll get that girl out, or drown together."

I was climbing the rail before he finished, reckless of all else except the task confronting me. The face of the girl whose hand I had held in mine under the light of the stars, seemed to rise before me, her eyes pleading for help. The vision urged me forward. I know not what strength or skill enabled me to swing from the rail and grip the cabin front, but I hung there with one hand, my feet finding slight support on the slippery slope of the deck, and reaching back, gave McCaun support, while he also made desperate passage to the safety of the companion. An instant later I was beside him, and we crept together down the inverted stairs.

The frightfulness of our position became more evident as we advanced. The dead bodies, the smashed furniture, the horrid swaying of the hull beneath us, suspended, we had to use the forward wall as a floor, crawling through the litter, made us feel that certain death must end the adventure. There was a look in the deck below—for what purpose it had been placed there I do not know—but it gave me foothold, enabling me to kneel.

"Here, McCaun, climb to my shoulder," I ordered, "and take down the lantern. Quick now; I'll hold you all right."

His face was ghastly, and he obeyed as though he moved to his sleep. Every muscle in me felt the strain, but I held him, straining out my body, and balancing myself, until his uplifted hands gripped the light.

"Have you got it?" "Yes; let me down slowly."

"All right; hang on to it for your life—now!"

My arms gave under the strain, and a sudden surge of the sudden wave, but he held to an end of the overturned piano, the light still burning feebly, threatening every instant to flicker out. I caught and steadied it, turning up the wick, and casting the full glimmer along the passage leading to the steward's pantry.

I slipped down, gripping the lantern, the dim, smoky glow of which made

the passage visible. The pantry door stood open; indeed, I doubt if it had a door, but everything else was closed. McCaun was just above me, and I sang out to him to hold fast; then, the lantern was gripped in my teeth, I lowered myself the full length of my arms. This brought the water to my knees, while the lodged chairs were a foot or two below. As I hung there, decending the plunge, my eyes were directed opposite the pantry, and the gleam of the lantern glittered on the blade of a hatchet just inside the door. Never was a tool more welcome.

"Hold tight above there," I managed to ejaculate through closed lips.

"What are you going to do?" "Swing in toward the door on the right—there is a hatchet lying there."

With feet braced against the opposite wall, I forced my way across, making three efforts before my fingers finally gripped the hatchet handle. Clinging with one hand, I thrust the tool into my belt, fully prepared now to let go.

CHAPTER V.

The Rescue of Vera.

"Take this lantern, McCaun," I called, and held it up to him. "I'll need both my hands free. Hold it as low as possible. Now, here goes!"

I did not pray audibly, but a prayer was in my heart, as I released my grip on the rug and took the plunge. The first chair crumpled beneath my weight, but by good luck the second held just long enough to enable me to grip the latch of the door and cling tight. The slant of the deck gave one groping foot precarious purchase on the threshold, although water swept nearly to my waist, and for a moment I tottered there, helpless to do more than merely sustain my position. The noise made by this struggle must have been heard within, for I became aware of water splashing, and a distant thud of the door.

"Help! Is that you, Mr. Seely?" "No," I answered, moved to new effort by the sound of her voice, and the knowledge that I had indeed located the right spot, and found her still alive. "This is Hollis. Is the door locked?"

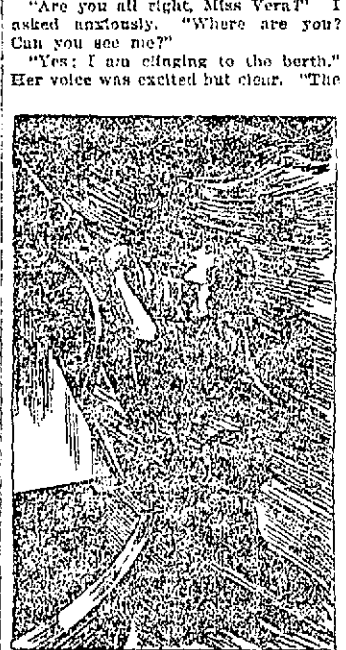
"Yes, Mr. Seely has the key; you must be quick—the water is already above my waist."

"No time for keys, then," I said. "Stand back until I cut a way in. Throw your light down, McCaun—say, 'better!'"

The latch of the door was forward; I could cling to it, and have my right hand free with which to wield the hatchet, keeping both feet wedged on the threshold. The light was the most gleaming, yet sufficient to reveal the pulsing of the door, and I backed at this, barely, exerting the full strength of my arm. A dozen blows splintered the upper panel, and then I sent the keen blade crashing downward, gouging out great chunks and splinters until a jagged passage had been made, sufficiently large for the passage of a body. The water was deeper in the cabin than in the opening, breaching me heavily to the arm-pits. McCaun called in warning, his voice choked with a terror he could no longer control.

"Wait! I'll be there in a minute!" I shouted back, my only fear, lest he desert us. The bulkhead still held; this torrent was water which had found other entrances; no doubt it would eventually increase in volume and sink the vessel, yet there was still ample time for us to escape. There would be no sudden plunge while that bulkhead held.

"Are you all right, Miss Vera?" I asked anxiously. "Where are you? Can you see me?" "Yes; I am clinging to the berth." Her voice was excited but clear. "The



She Possessed Sufficient Nerve and Strength for the Effort.

water is up to my shoulder. Is the opening sufficient?"

"For you, I think, if you can make it alone. I should have to knock out another panel to get through myself."

"There is no time for that, and no need. I'm coming now; watch out."

Our two bodies so obscured the faint glow of the lantern dangling from McCaun's hand above that I could see nothing, yet I managed to grapple her arm, and thus assist in dragging her into the jagged opening. The water, surging to the sudden roll of the doomed yacht, and now dammed by her body, poured over us both in suffocating volume, but the struggle was only for a moment, and then I had the girl safely clasped in my arms, her head elevated well above the roiling flood.

"Now, grasp the rug," I ordered, as I thrust her light form upward. "It will help you creep up the slope of the deck. Creep on back, McCaun, with the lantern; never mind me—I'll find a way out."

She possessed sufficient nerve and strength for the effort. There was no hesitancy, no word of protest. Silently, inch by inch, she fought her way up, her feet slipping on the wet planks, but her fingers gripping desperately at the sustaining cloth. I could see only the outline of her rounded back, the gleam of the lantern, as McCaun clambered upward in advance. I could hear, the groaning of the bulkhead to

the strain, and realized that the timbers could not long hold against the immense weight. Suddenly the fear had come into my heart; not until then had I paused to think—effort had obscured all conception of danger; but waiting there in that black hell, the creaking of timbers in my ears, the water clutching my throat, the full horror of it overwhelmed me with sudden terror. My God! Surely we could not have accomplished all this, and still be doomed to die like rats in a hole. At least we must reach the open deck, and have a chance to fight for life under the stars.

Yet, once I had attained the cabin, all this left me. Gladly as the wreck of that interior appeared, the wider space brought back to me the seaman's courage. There was hope yet, an opportunity to fight. McCaun had dropped the lantern on the overturned piano, and was urging the girl forward toward the stairs. Terror made him oblivious to everything except a mad desire to escape, but she was glancing back, as though in search for me. I clambered to my knees amid the litter of furniture, and snatched up the light barely in time to keep it from smashing on the deck.

"I am all right," I called quickly. "Get outside both of you as quick as you can."

Never in all my life have I experienced the same sense of relief as when I stumbled out of that compartment onto the open deck, and felt the night air in my nostrils; yet not until then did my brain truly grasp the desperate nature of our situation. The gleam of the lantern revealed the steep slope of the deck, and the surge of water churning from rail to rail scarce a dozen feet away; the rim of tangled spars and ropes to port under which I knew lay dead bodies; the smashed bulkheads, and a wrecked small boat hanging stern down from a davit, with a man's arm and hand dangling. All about us the night and sea was black as ink—not a glow anywhere except a single white gleam far away to starboard like a distant star. It was not a star—it was far too close to the horizon—beyond doubt it was a masthead light on the steel monster which had run us down.

I held the lantern behind my body, and stared out through the void at the faraway spark—it was no more than a pin-point, barely visible across miles of open water, and growing fainter each second. I read the whole meaning, despair clutching my heart. The vessel had waited and picked up the Emerald's bows; believing she then had on board all who lived, she had resumed her voyage. We were alone, deserted, in the midst of the dark, possibly without even a chance to save ourselves from going down with the swollen wreck.

But if there should be a chance there remained not an instant to lose. I dashed the light about into the face of McCaun and the girl, the man white and haggard, his eyes as dull as though he had taken an opiate, absolutely stupefied with fear. But the girl! In the gleam of the lantern her eyes met mine, full of questioning, but fearless. She must have seen, and understood also, for she called to me, clinging to the rail to keep her footing, her loosened hair flapping in the wind.

"They are leaving us, Mr. Hollis! Is not that the steamer out there?" "Ay, the last glimpse we'll ever have of her," I answered bitterly, forgetting myself in anger. "The d— brutes think more of a few dollars than our lives. But we'll make a fight just the same. Come, wake up, McCaun! Aid with you—oh, yes, you can; crawl along the rail; once beyond the cabin there's good foothold. Now, my lady, I'll not let you fall—good! You are the better sailor of the two."

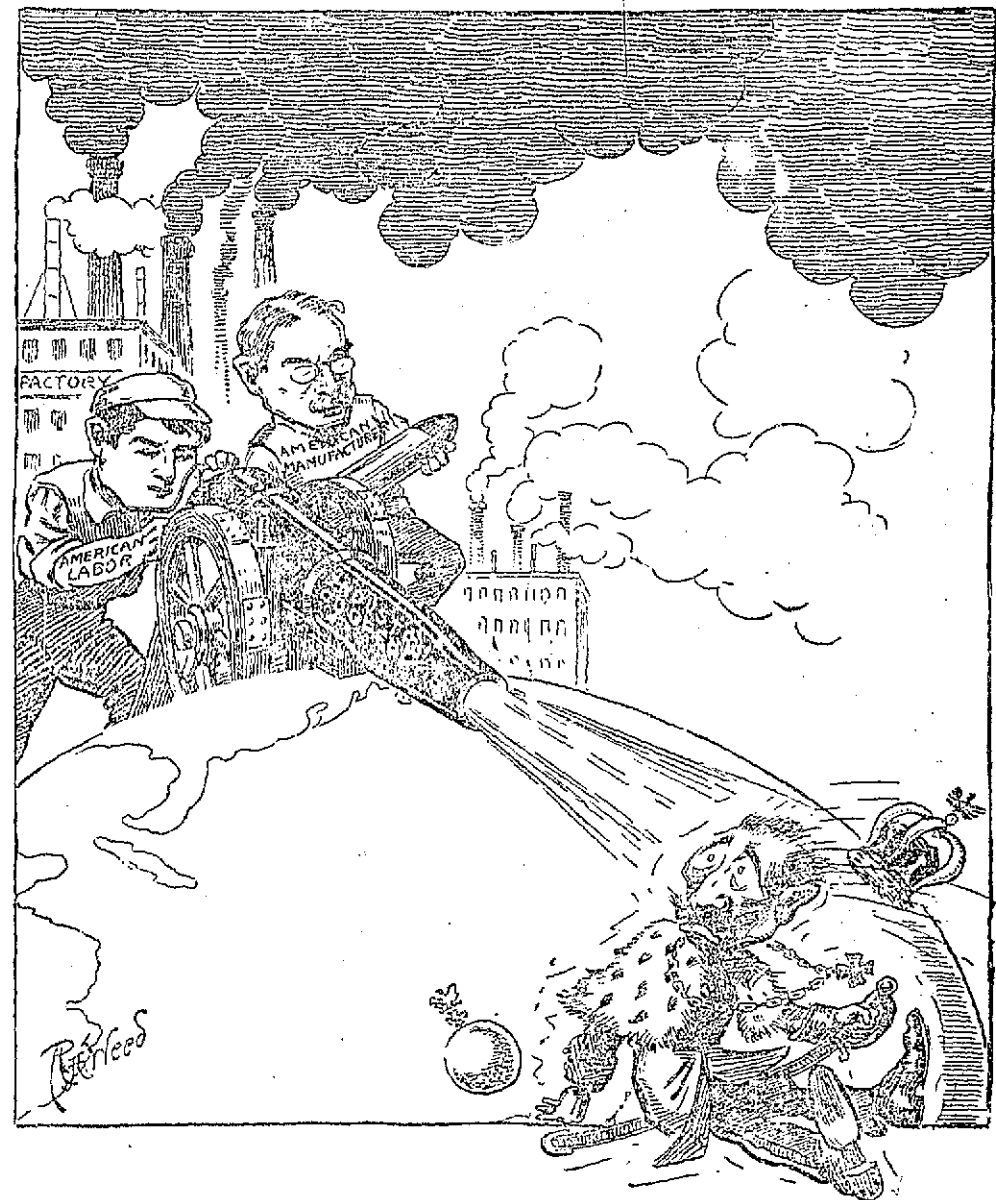
I held the lantern in my teeth, and clambered after them. It was a thirty-foot climb, but the rail stanchions made a fair ladder, giving good hand and foot hold, although occasionally the hull beneath us rolled so heavily in the sea as to bring us to a pause, clinging grimly to the turned rope in order to retain our balance. Twice I thought the doomed yacht was actually going down, as under the blow of some swell she leaned heavily to starboard, giving glimpses of the black water just below where we clung so desperately. Yet with sudden, sickening motion, like the last painful effort of a dying creature, she managed to right herself once more, every timber groaning in agony, the salt spume of the sea blown into our faces.

Once beyond the overreach on the cabin we found opportunity to stand erect, gripping the iron supports which had sustained the awning above the after deck. In the dim rays of the lantern the scene was one of utter wreck and desolation. There had been four boats hung in davits above the rail; two of them were gone; one hung trailing overhead, half submerged, with the lower still clinging to the tackle; the fourth had been smashed into kindling. I staggered across to where I could look down at the dangling craft, holding my lantern out over the rail. It was broken timbers and useless, but jammed under a thwart lay a man's body; the gleam of light rested on the upturned face, and I recognized with horror the features of Powell.

Stunned, covering my eyes with one arm, I clung to the shattered rail, completely unnerved. The voice of the girl aroused me, brought me back to myself.

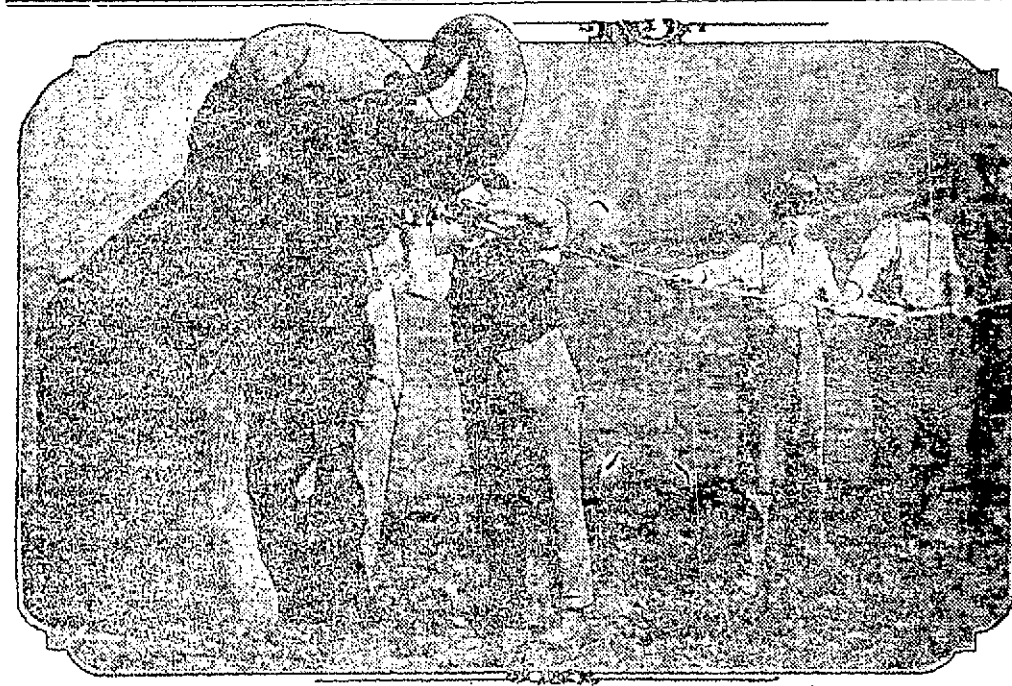
"Mr. Hollis, the dory is still here!" I swept the lantern about, confused, and unable to locate the sound. McCaun was crouching against the cabin, but the woman, aided by the flag locker, had crept aft, and now leaned over the stern rail and was pointing eagerly down into the black water. I worked my way cautiously forward to where she clung, the lantern swung overhead, its small ring of light giving me view of the whole uplifted stern. The dory, which had evidently been left trailing astern, was actually afloat, although half filled, and her crew, jammed severely under a thwart, were still in place.

The position of the vessel, the waterlogged condition of the smaller craft, told me at a glance the whole story. What was left of the crew of the Emerald, together with these guests who had lived to attain the deck, had made their escape in the two missing boats—they would hold twenty each, and were strong and seaworthy. No doubt the smashed one there had been



The Shot Heard Round the World

Industrial Conservation, New York.



Pulling a tooth for Snyder, the big Elephant here with Sells-Floto Circus, Friday, Aug. 31.

lowered first, but the tackle jammed, and in the wreck Powell had been killed. The others had clambered aboard the two left, leaving him crushed behind.

The sight of the little craft, stanch and buoyant, bobbing about just below us in the glow of light, brought back my courage. Ay, there was a chance here; we could get free of the doomed yacht; we were not to perish like drowning rats, helplessly. To be sure, the boat was a small one, a mere dinghy intended for use in smooth waters; why they had continued trailing it astern so far at sea was a mystery, yet it would bear the three of us unless a storm arose. There was no time to seek either blankets or provisions, nor was there any fresh water to be had—but at least we need not go down with the ship. We had still a hope of rescue, a fighting chance—God be thanked for that!

My hand closed over hers as she turned and looked at me. Never in all my life have I seen such glimpses of steady courage.

"The boat is strong, stanch; she will carry us, Mr. Hollis?" "Ay! this is better than I dared hope. But there is no time to lose; the yacht is settling fast—see those bubbles of air! Why, I can almost feel the drop of the planks beneath my feet. Here, McCaun, bear a hand! Pull your self up by that flag locker; now get a grip here. Are you sailor enough to slide down that rope?"

So stood at the boat, bobbing up and down on the black water, with ladderless eyes.

"Is it well shik?" he half sobbed. "It is almost full of water."

"Stick nothing!" my dignified rising beyond control. "It will hold twice your weight. Down with you, and haul. Then stand by to help the lady. Over you go, my lad, if I have to pinch your head; this is no time to argue the matter. Will you try it quietly?"

He stared up into my face, but his fear of me must have been greater than the lapping water below, for the strain of the rope slipped through his fingers, and an instant later he clambered into the bow of the boat, and snuk onto his knees in the water.

To my relief the dory did not sink greatly beneath its weight, the water shipped proving scarcely ankle deep. It would support the three of us without ballast. The yacht rolled to starboard, fairly burying her rail. I thought she would never rise again, and my arms clasped the girl to hold her steady. Then the hull rose slowly, painfully, like a giant struggling for one last breath. No words can describe the dead, sodden feeling of the sinking bulk under us.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CURED HIS SWEET TOOTH.

It Was a Lasting Lesson and Killed His Taste For Sugar.

Once there was a little boy who stole sugar. So strong was his craving for sugar that half his mother's time was taken up watching the sugar bowl.

One morning, however, she filled the big tumbler full of sugar and gave it to the little boy and told him to eat it all. The boy took a spoon and started in. He ate about a third of it before he got enough. His mother insisted that he eat some more—it was all his to eat, and she'd box his ears if he didn't eat it. She did box his ears, and he ate a little more, but presently he slipped the tumbler under his chair and slipped out to play.

When he came back, though, the tumbler was there waiting for him. He ate a little, but it wasn't good. He said it was "too sweet." Every day for a month that tumbler was by his plate at the table, on a chair by his bedside, in the closet with his playthings—everywhere he found that tumbler. The flies swarmed about it, and the ants came, but still it was "too sweet."

That tumbler never was finished up. The boy is an old man now and takes his coffee straight. Gooseberry pie is the only kind he likes. All other kinds are "too sweet."—Kansas City Star.

How It Happened.

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked the boss.

"I didn't leave it. It left me."

"Rather strange, I should say."

"Not at all. I worked in an ammunition factory."—Indianapolis Star.

PENALTY OF LIBERTY.

A Lesson John Ruskin Learned in His Early Childhood.

In the matter of discipline John Ruskin's mother was a Spencerian before Spencer. "Let your penance," says that austere philosopher, "be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature, inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it. It burns him the second time. It burns him every time, and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder." That was Mrs. Ruskin's method. To his mother's way of teaching lessons, Ruskin used to tell the following incident of his early childhood, which his mother was fond of relating.

"One evening, when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose, but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back. I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said: 'Let him touch it, nurse.'"

"So I touched it, and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word 'liberty.' It was the first piece of liberty I got, and the last that for some time I asked for."—Youth's Companion.

Heligoland.

Centuries ago Heligoland, in the North sea, was at least five times its present size, and a place of no little importance. Like so many islands, it had a peculiar attraction for the peoples of the surrounding mainland. They stood in awe of it, and mythology early claimed it for its own. Here the Forest, the god of justice, had a temple, and had also, according to another tradition, the profane riches, a special object of veneration among the Angles of the mainland. Later on it was the realm of the pagan king, Radbod, and it was later that St. Willibrod came, in the seventh century, preaching Christianity.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

